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The FAMOUS  
HISTORY  
OF  
*GUY of Warwick.*

Written by Samuel Rowland.



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THE HISTORY

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## C H A P. I.

*An Account of the Parentage and Birth of*  
G U Y *Earl of* W A R W I C K.

**T**HE famous *Guy of Warwick*, the Subject of this History, was born in the City of *Warwick*; and his Father is said to have been a Gentleman of *Northumberland*, a Man of a good Estate, (and that his Name was *Guyraldus Cacibylanius*) and that King *Edgar* having Conquer'd the King of *Murcia*, by this means he lost his Estate, and so came to *Warwick*; where he was so well received by the Gentry, and especially by Earl *Roband* the Governour, that he made him his Steward, where he behav'd himself so well, that he marry'd an eminent Gentleman's Daughter, by whom he had *Guy*; who in process of Time was created Earl of *Warwick*. In his Minority, about the Years of ten or twelve, he was noted for Wrestling, throwing Stones, pitching the Barr, and other Exercises; so that very few durst encounter him. In short, he grew eminent for Manhood, as well as pleasant in Conversation.

Earl *Roband* admiring *Guy's* Person and Manhood, would often send for him to his House; where he came to a sight of *Phyllis* the beautiful Daughter of Earl *Roband*, with whom he fell in Love; and in process of Time, after many Combats, he obtain'd his desire. One of his Atcheivements was, the destroying a monstrous Dun-Cow upon *Dunsmore-beath*,

*beast*, that destroy'd both Man and Beast : She is said by some to be six Yards in length, and about four in breadth ; her Head was proportionable, and her Horns large and sharp, her Eyes was fiery and sparkling, her Colour, as I said before, Dun ; and in short, she was so strong and swift in Motion, that no Humane Force could prevail against her ; for she destroy'd Man and Beast, and put all her Keepers to flight.

The King hearing of this monstrous Beast, and the great slaughters that was made by her, offer'd Knighthood and a great Reward to any that would undertake to destroy her ; whereupon *Guy*, after many others had attempted in vain, privately goes and engages this Curst-Cow, with a strong Battle-Ax, and his Bow and Quiver. The Plain the Cow used to lodge in, was a great Thicket of Trees near a Pool of Water, and above it laid the Carcasses of Men and Beasts ; which caused *Guy* to express great Pity and Compassion for his Country People, as also an extream Resentment against that monstrous Cow.

Being at last come within Bow-shot, the Cow espy'd him, who began to make a horrid roaring, but *Guy* quickly bent his Bow, and let an Arrow fly, which could not penetrate nor make the least Impression : Upon this the dreadful Beast came running towards him, and with her sharp Horns butted full at him, which he being aware of, with his Battle-Ax he gave her such a stroke in the Fore-head, that caus'd her to fall back on her Rump, and roar most frightfully ; and recovering her self, makes a second push with her Horns at his Breast, from which, by the help of his Armour, he receiv'd but little harm, and nimbly turning, met her again, and with redoubled strokes gave her such desperate

Wounds



Wounds on the Head and about the Ears, that he made her roar and stamp, and with her Foot rear and throw up the Ground. *Guy* perceiving he had desperately wounded her, he follow'd his strokes so quick and forcible, that at last down she dropt on the Ground; and alighting from his Steed, laid her on, till with horrid Groans she breath'd her last. Then went *Guy* to the next Town, and acquainted them with what he had done, to the great Joy of the Inhabitants, who gave him Presents and Thanks, and all the Country came in to see that monstrous Cow dead that they dreaded so much in her Life. *Guy*, after this, thought to have gone off undiscover'd, but the News of it reach'd the King's Ear, who sent for him, gave him a splendid Entertainment, Knighted him, and gave him beside many rich Presents, and caus'd one of the Ribs of the Cow to be hung up in *Warwick* Castle.

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CHAP. II.

**A**FTER the Destruction of the *Dun-Cow*, the noble *Guy* still thirsting after more Honour, and the more to ingratiate himself into the Favour and Approbation of his Prince and Mistress, he travel'd into *France*, where many of the Gallic Hero's experienced the Valour and Conduct of this English Champion, who in many Tournaments and Acts of Chivalry came always off Victorious, dismounting many fine Kings, and overturning both Man and Horse; and at last he returns for *England* again, to have a sight of his beloved *Phyllis*, who know-

ing him to be so Brave and Valiant, consented he shou'd go abroad to bring home more Lawrels, or Trophies of Honour and Renown: Wherefore, taking a most courteous and affectionate Leave of his admired Lady, he equip'd himself for further Adventures, banishing the thoughts of Fear or Danger to win his Lady's Affection, and setting forwards on this account, he travels on, till (riding thro' a Forest) he met a mighty Gyant much stronger than a Lion, who at every Step, stept two Yards: To Guy the Gyant spoke, saying, *Friend, Hast thou heard of one Guy, who (as I am inform'd) has lately been in France, and Conquer'd all their Knights in Acts of Chivalry?* to whom Guy answer'd, that he was the Man. Upon this the Gyant said he was glad of that, because he had waited long for the opportuni-



ry of encountering him ; adding, that the Honour he had won belong'd to him as his Right. Then pulling up a Tree by the Roots, he threw it up on high, and in an Iron Coat and Boots of Brass advanc'd towards Guy, who with undaunted Courage said, *Monster and Clown, I'll make thee stoop to me, and pull thy lofty Courage down ; and thou shalt know, in spite of thee, or any such, my Honour shall shine illustrious on Guy ;* and then he gave the Gyant such a blow, that he cut off *Rumbo's* Toe, (for that was the Name of this Gyant) insomuch, that *Rumbo* could scarce stand on his Feet ; whereat the Gyant was so enrag'd, that (heaving up his Tree with design to break Guy's Bones) he furiously struck at him, making the Ground to shake again, but miss'd his aim ; whereupon Guy (before the Gyant could heave his Tree again) hit him such a blow on the Head, that it brought the Monster to the Ground : But the Gyant coming a little to himself again, said, *Hold, bold thy Hand brave Knight, and I will be thy Slave, so thou wilt but save my Life :* Then quoth Guy, *Thy Life I will spare, on condition thou wilt swear to be true and obedient to me hereafter ;* whereupon the Gyant did swear it, and then arose to serve and attend upon Guy. The Gyant being a little bruised with his blow and fall, the noble Guy pull'd out a Box of Unguents he had about him, and therewith anointing the Contusions, with dressing of him, he quickly was refreshed ; having also given him an inward Pectoral Cordial he had in his Bottle. Then Sir Guy, with his Captive *Rumbo*, travel'd over the Mountains, and thro' the Valleys a long time, meeting with no Disturbance, Enterprize, or Opposition, till at length they heard a great out-cry, which affrighted the Gyant so, that he said, *Sir Guy, I am so frightened, I dare not go farther ;* Tush, said Guy, *fear*

feare not, I will advance let what will happen, for Fortune will assist the Bold and Adventurous. And far had they not gone before they espy'd, under a Hill, a Lion and a great fell Dragon in Combat; the sight whereof made *Rumbo* fall down in a Swound, and put him into a cold Sweat for Fear, whilst *Guy* with Courage said, *This is fine Sport, come, fight on, and he that getteth the Mastery, I will encounter afterwards*: At length the Lion turns aside, as if he design'd to run away: Then said the noble *Guy*, *Dragon, have-at thee*; and drawing his massy



Sword, steps to the Dragon, and with Courage undaunted and great Fury, fell foul on him, so that he made the Dragon give back; whilst the Gyant stood quaking for Fear, not knowing what to do: At last, after a great and bloody Fight, Sir *Guy* overcame

came this Dragon, which rejoyc'd the trembling  
 Gyant to see it ; whereat the Lion, in humble man-  
 ner falling down on his Belly, came creeping and  
 cawning to Sir Guy's Feet. to lick them, showing his  
 Gratitude and Joy thereby for his Deliverance from  
 that dreadful Serpent and Dragon, and afterwards  
 follow'd him by his Horse-side as long as he was  
 able for Hunger. Then Guy said, *Rumbo, I see thou  
 art but a Coward, for tho' thou hast Strength, yet thou  
 wantest a good Heart : But the Gyant said, Sir, if  
 you please to permit me to speak, you shall see, that  
 you your self shall be but weak to me, in what hereaf-  
 ter you shall see me do, before I will suffer any Inju-  
 ry or Wrong to be done to you. Why then (said Guy)  
 I'll quickly find thee out an opportunity to try thy Va-  
 lour ; for I hear the Emperor of Germany hath be-  
 sieg'd the Duke of Lovain, whom I design to assist,  
 because my Resolution is, To help and succour the  
 Weak against the Strongest and most Mighty ; yet  
 not in any unjust Quarrel. Not long was it e're they  
 arrive at Lovain, which the Duke hearing, with  
 great Joy and Gladness splendidly entertains the  
 noble Guy, saying, My most worthy Friend, Sir Guy,  
 how glad is my Heart that such an Honourable and  
 Renowned Person is come to take our Parts : There-  
 fore, I beseech you great Sir Guy, give me your Advice  
 in this Case ; for our City is besieg'd by a powerful E-  
 nemy, and we are not able to make a vigorous Resi-  
 stance. To whom Sir Guy reply'd, My Lord, I doubt  
 not but by a Method I intend, to give a powerful Diver-  
 sion to the Enemy, and get more Liberty for our Arms ;  
 and the better to effect, this and encourage your Men,  
 my self, with my Man Rumbo, will issue out upon  
 them unawares ; so that after we have made a Breach,  
 your Army may better sally out upon the Besiegers, and  
 put them to the Rout ; for, true Courage fears no  
 Dan-*



Danger : *Virtus sub pondere crescit*, in the greatest Hardships and Straits true Valour shines brightest.

Then suddenly they open'd the Gates, where Guy and Rumbo behav'd themselves so valiantly, that they broke their Enemies, beat the *Almains* from the Walls, and made such a terrible Slaughter among them, that with the help of the Duke's Army, they quite vanquish'd the *Almains*, and put them quite to the Rout. Rumbo beat a whole Lane of Men before him, but following them too far, was unfortunately slain. Guy bewail'd the Death of his trusty Servant Rumbo, and said he wou'd be reveng'd on the *Almains* for his Death. Shortly after the Emperor sent another Army greater than the first, but they were overthrown as the former were, and the Duke with Guy return'd victoriously into the City ; where after many Thanks given to Guy, Guy answer'd the Duke in this manner, *My Lord, it joys me not half so much that we have got the Victory of our Enemies, as it wou'd gladden my Heart, to make a Peace between the Emperor and you : The Duke was willing, and sent a Guard of Soldiers with him, till he came to the Emperor's Court, where he spoke to the Emperor in this sort : High Emperor, all Health unto thy Grace, and Peace to thee, if thou say'st Peace to us ; and Love to thee, if thou wilt Love embrace : Why shou'd the Christians war against each other ? but rather against Misbelieving Jews, Turks, and Pagans ; we sue not after thee in servile way, as fearing thy Power and Might, for Victory has crown'd our Heads with Honour, but that we might agree together to pull the Pagans down.*

Brave English-man, quoth the Emperor, hadst thou spoke sooner, it had not only been granted, but had saved many hundred Mens lives : Why then, quoth Guy, let's to Duke Segwin go, and renew the League.

## Guy Earl of Warwick.

II

betwixt you. *With all my Heart* quoth the Emperor.  
 So away they go to the Duke, and renew their  
 League, and send *Guy* with a thousand chosen Men  
 against the *Jews, Turks, and Saracens*, altogether by  
 the Ears. Brave sport, quoth *Guy*; so lays about him  
 on every side, favouring none, insomuch that they  
 said one to the other, What mad Fellow is this, that  
 hews us down on every side? sure had he a thou-  
 sand Lives, he could not escape. At length a Pagan  
 steps to *Guy*, and desired a Combat at his Hands, to  
 see which of their Swords could cut the best. *Me-*  
*thinks*, quoth Colbron, *thou hast a Sword that is like*  
*to a Reed, I am perswaded it will not cut.* Not cut,  
 quoth *Guy*! *Pagan, I like thy Humour well; I'll whet*  
*it on thy Bones before we part; such Lubbers it hath*  
*often hewn asunder.* Then did they lend each other  
 such lusty knocks, that Sparks of Fire flew from  
 their Helmers: the gazing People knew not what to  
 think, but expected the end of *Guy*, for Colbron was  
 wondrous strong, and one of the chiefest Champi-  
 on that the *Turks* had. But *Guy* at last gave him  
 such a sturdy blow, that down came Colbron and his  
 strength withal. *Pagan*, quoth *Guy*, is my Sword  
 sharp or no? with that he cut off his Head, and  
 sent it to the Emperor presently. *Guy* to another  
 goes called *Marmadore*, and after a hot dispute, o-  
 vercomes him, and lays him dead upon the Ground.  
 The Pagans seeing their Champions go down so *any*,  
 forsook the Field, and went to the Town, where a  
 most bloody Tyrant bore the sway, who hearing  
 what was done, went armed to the Tent where *Guy*  
 was, and challeng'd him to come forth. telling him  
 that he had promised his Head to a Lady, and was  
 come to fetch it. And hast thou so, quoth *Guy*?  
 an honest Man will be his Words Master: come  
 then and take it off quickly, or else the Lady will  
 sup-



suppose you scoff. But *Guy* did so be-labour him, that instead of taking off his Head, he set Spurs to Horse and fled to save his own : Then not a Man durst stir, but *Guy* hearing they had a General in Town (they call'd him mighty *Souldain*) goes and challenges him, and dares him to his Face : The *Souldain* with a staring Look, reply'd, Thou Christian Slave, who like a Dog I scorn, I'll chastize thee with Steel. With that at each other they ran, their Launces broke, and each forsook his Horse, and betook them to their Swords : *Guy* struck such forcible blows, that he cut through the *Souldain's* Armour, and by loss of Blood the *Souldain* fell to Ground, casting handfuls of his Blood at *Guy* : So *Guy* set Spurs to his Horse, and departed with Victory and great Honour ; and hearing that in *Normandy* was to be a Tournament for the beautiful Daughter of the Emperor, who had promis'd, that the most Valiant and best Esteem'd Knight in that Enterprize should have her mounted on a Milk-white Steed, two Greyhounds, and a Faulcon, all in white ; this worthy *English* Knight, Sir *Guy*, glad of another Opportunity to shew his Prowess and Valour, directs his Course thither, and prepares himself for the Field, where several Kings were present, and Princes, Dukes and Earls were assembled ; with many Knights and Gentlemen from all the Regions round about, to try their Valour, in hopes to win this beautiful Prize the Emperor's Daughter ; who was called *Blanch*. On the Day appointed, there were such numberless crowds of all Ranks and Estates of People assembled, that the spacious Field appointed for this Purpose would scarce contain them. First of all, a *German* Prince of undaunted Courage did encounter an Earl, and with such Fury and Resolution did engage him, that he Unhorst

the Earl, so that with the violence of his Fall and Stroke he lay for dead on the Ground: Then *Guy* seeing this, resolves to try his Fate with this magnanimous *German*, and after a most furious and brave Encounter on both sides, at last *Guy* brought him down, Horse and Man, just on the same place where the Earl had laid in a swoond. Then Duke *Otten* seeing the great Bravery of noble *Guy*, incensed greatly with Pride and passionate Rage, vow'd to revenge himself on *Guy*, who joyning in a most dreadful Fight, did both of them break their Swords, and then alighting from their Steeds, *Guy* threw the Duke upon his back with such violence, that he made his Bones to crack again, and there he lay unable to arise to Fight; which Duke *Reyner* observing, and that his Cousin was thus baffl'd, resolv'd to encounter *Guy*, but his Fate was no better, for with the loss of the use of his right Arm he was forc't to yield as the others before had done, being disabled; which so much amazed all the Spectators, that not a Man durst offer him Encounter for a while, till at length the Duke of *Lovain* adventures to try his Fortune, but at the third Blow having his Armour broke, he cry'd out, *Hold, hold, I'll rather yield than die*; which *Guy* granting, they were all so terrify'd, that no Man afterwards durst venture to fight *Guy*. Whereupon the Emperor sent for *Guy*, desiring to know his Birth, Name, and Country, which having understood, he most highly commended his Courage and Conduct, offering him the Prize he had won of his fair Daughter, and the two Greyhounds and Faulcon; and telling him that his Deserts were greater, gave him a Jewel to wear for his sake, as a Token of his Love and Esteem for his great Worth: The noble *Guy* returning his Imperial Majesty most humble Thanks for these his great

great Favours, protested to remain his most humble Servant whilst he lived: And then with reverent and modest Looks said to the Princess, Fair Lady, how greatly has Fortune befriended me, who has allotted me the Worlds Beauty! Madam, I beseech you, accept of your loyal *English* Knight to be your most obedient Servant at your Command, who will be always willing and ready to



venture my Life and Fortune in your Service. Madam, I think my self too mean a Person to be your Husband, therefore shall esteem it Honour and Grace sufficient to be your Servant; for in *England* is my Marriage-Love, and she that must be my Bride, she it is to whom I must be for ever Constant; and this, pray Madam, give me leave to add, that I thought her Beauty matchless, till I see  
your

our self, and dare affirm, no Eye is able to distinguish which is the Fairest or most Beautiful :

*So that your Beauties may be called Twins,  
And Venus but a Black to both your Skins.*

Therefore, my *Phyllis*, here is thy Picture in this matchless Princess, and in thy charming Look thou seemest present here, so that if I prove false or unconstant, let me be Wretched and Miserable, or what is worse, unsuccessful in my Love to thee and in all my Martial Adventures. Sir *Guy*, quoth the beautiful *Blanch*, you are to be commended for your Constancy, for to be a Warriour and so faithful and constant to a Woman is somewhat rare : Then fetching a deep Sigh, she added, *Let those be racked with Tortures perpetually that duly observe not the sacred Promises of Love, but I suppose Sir, your Vows and Promises thereof are not yet so solemnly made, so that you may obtain what your victorious Sword has won.* Madam, reply'd *Guy*, it is but too true, therefore for your sake could I wish I had not engag'd so far. And many other Words of that kind having pass'd between them, and the Night approaching, they in courteous manner took leave of each other, and then both retired to their Lodgings for Repose. In a day or two after, *Guy* (having had all imaginable kind and noble Entertainments) took leave of the Court, and resolv'd for his own Native *England*; where, after speedy and safe arrival, he soon address'd himself to his *Phyllis*, telling her, he was come in hopes to obtain her, now he had been abroad, where indeed he had met with a crew of Cowards in the main, who's Sword had won an Emperors Daughter, surer than whom all *Europe* had not to show, except our own Person, which was the only reason why I left

I left her to come to you, my charming Fair, and whom, for your sake alone, I cou'd not love, and therefore contented my self with this stately Steed these Greyhounds and Faulcon, in satisfaction for my Adventure : Therefore tell me, my dearest, shall we fullfil our plighted Vows and Promises of Marriage Love. To which beautiful *Phyllis* reply'd, Kind Sir, I hold my self infinitely oblig'd to you for your Favours, and return you many Thanks, that for my sake you have run such Hazards of your Life ; but to win such a rare Prize as a beautiful Princess, had *Phyllis* been *Guy*, I must tell you, Sir, she shou'd have found greater Favour with me, than to take a Horse or Hound, and refuse such a Lady ; for, can a Horse, a Faulcon, or a Hound, be of as great value as a beautiful Lady ? but perhaps you'l say it was for





love of me, and truly I believe it; but tho' I jest, yet you shall see I will do as much, or more for you, for whilst I live, none but your self shall me enjoy; for to be real with you, I must own, I had a Vision, wherein I saw an armed Man (just such as you are now) whom *Cupid* bid me love, telling me (methought) that it was in vain to oppose his great Power, for he wou'd be Constant and Faithful, that his Valour and Fame shou'd be admir'd throughout the wondering World: This is the Truth which I tell you, so that if I wou'd, I cannot tell how to avoid loving you, which, if it were not so, be sure I wou'd have conceal'd it from you. But still, before you be possess'd of Marriage-Love, more Deeds of Honour you must do, tho' my love shall ever be constant to none but your self: No, Madam! what! not be possess'd of Loves use? then will I travel the World about, but you shall own by what I do, that I have fulfil'd your Desire and your Dream; therefore, my dearest be faithful, as your *Guy* vows to be, and tho' I hazard my Life with Dangers, which I willingly chuse, yet, when my martial Business is over, Marriage will make amends for all. And then taking his farewell of his dear *Phyllis*; and her Father Earl *Reband*, who was unwilling he shou'd depart so soon, he took his kind, but most sorrowful leave, and departed for *Lovain*.

*Guy* now intended to go see his loving Friend the Duke of *Lovain*; but ere he came to his Journeys end, he freed a woful Lady from distress. Thus it befel: Earl *Terry* (a Valiant Man) with his Lady, walking through a Forest to take the Air, was surpriz'd on a sudden by sixteen Villains, who were hired to take his Lady away from him, and make her another's Wife, leaving the Earl sore wounded. *Guy* comforts the Earl, and understanding where

these Villains were, by the Cry of the Lady, comes to them in this manner: Cursed Slaves (*quoth he*) what do you mean to do with this Lady? her Husband you have wounded, and taken her by force from him; this act of yours I'll make you now repent, you shall pay dear for what you have done: With that they laugh'd him to scorn, saying, What Fool is this, or rather Mad-man, who thinks to get himself a Name by a desperate Attempt? Like so (*quoth he*) the Fir that's on me now is a raging one; so draws his Sword, and bids the Lady hold her peace, for he would quickly release her from the Hands of these Villains. So with admirable Courage he lays upon them, at every blow one or other dies; some he slew, and the rest fled, being not able to withstand him at that time; so he conducts her to the Earl her Husband, with much Joy and Gladness on both sides. Now *Guy*, with the Earl and his beloved Lady, wandring through the Desert without a Guide, hearing the noise of wild Beasts, it did not a little trouble them; at length two arm'd Men they spy'd with their Swords drawn, who stood on their Guard, lest the wild Beasts should devour them on a sudden. *Guy* demanded of them what they were? they reply'd, They came to bring Earl *Terry* bad News. The Earl demanded what it was? They reply'd, his Royal Father was besieged in his strong Castle by Duke *Ottens* Power, who hath vow'd to pull the Castle down about his Ears.

The Earl on a sudden was much discontented. *Guy* cheers him up, and tells him, that he will assist him: My very Name (*quoth Guy*) will make him fly; he felt my Sword in *France*, but lik'd it not: I will go with thee thy wronged Father to defend, for I have vow'd the Wrong'd for to right. Noble Friend, (*quoth Terry*) my Joy abounds, and I have



overcome my Grief, to think my aged Father hath  
so brave a Man to take his part.

The Enemy no sooner heard of Guy's approach, but all their Commanders took their Heels and ran away, leaving the Duke their Master to order his Men himself.

The Duke seeing himself in so bad a condition, in a desperate humour calls for Guy, vowing to be reveng'd of him, or lose his life and honour in the Field. *Where is, quoth he, this English-man that haunts my Ghost? I challenge him to meet me in the Field, equal Envy shall quickly end the Quarrel that is betwixt us.* Agreed, quoth Guy, proud Foe, repent thy wrong, and make thy Conscience clear, thou shalt quickly see an end of thy honour, which worthy Men do hold most dear; thou hast now liv'd to see an end of thy good Name.

Together then they rush'd most furiously, like two incensed Lyons, breaking their Launces as they were reeds, and betaking them to their Swords, they fought both with admirable courage, till at length thro' loss of Blood the Duke fell, who lamented his ill fortune, and died very penitently, confessing, that Ambition was the cause of his overthrow. When Guy heard this, he sheathed his Sword, and said, *Remain thou there, for I mean to bleed no more for Phyllis at this time, I have been too long away from her, and will fight no more till I see her.* But passing thro' a Forest, he met with the hugest Boar that ever Eye beheld, the Beast

came at him most furiously, which he perceiving, stands upon his guard, and lay so hard upon his Swinish Head, that he left him dead in the Place ; and so takes his Journey for *England*, where being arriv'd, he was entertain'd with great joy and triumph by King *Athelstone*, who had heard of all his noble Atchievements done in other Countries, to the honour of *England* and *English-men* : Renowned *English-man*, said King *Athelstone*, who art the pride of our Nation, I have heard all thy noble Actions done in other Countries, to the wonder of the whole Christian World. Thou hast laid a heavy hand upon the Necks of Pagans, *Infidels* and *Jews*, hewing monsters in twain, who spoiled and devour'd many Christians : But, honourable Man, I think thou never didst destroy the like Monster that is now in *England*, a dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*, who devours Men, Women and Children ; many worthy Knights have gone to encounter with him, yet never any came home alive again. I speak not this to animate thee on to venture thy Life to encounter him, whose Life I prize as dear as mine own, but that thou may'st understand how our Country is annoy'd by him. My Liege, quoth Guy, let me have a Condukt, that I may understand where to find him, and I promise as I am *English Knight*, and true to my King and Country, I will bring this Monsters Head to your Majesty.

The King gave order, that a dozen Knights should conduct him to the place where the Dragon was, which was done accordingly.

The King and the Court took their leave of Guy in solemn wise, never expecting to see him again. When they were come near to the place where the Dragon was, Guy says thus unto them, *Gentlemen, go no farther for fear of danger, but sit on your Horses, and behold the sport:* So coming towards the Cave where the Dragon was, Guy prepared for the Encounter, and beholding the dreadful Dragon coming towards him with ireful Countenance, with Eyes like burning Fire, and lofty speckl'd Breast; he



set his Spear in his Rest, and spurs his Horse, running against the Dragon with such violence, that he overthrew him. The Dragon bit his Spear in two, as if it had been a Reed.

*Nay, then quoth Guy, if to such bites you fall,  
I have a Tool to pick your Teeth withal;*

Then draws his trusty blade, and lays upon the Dragon in such manful wise, that he made wide and bloody Wounds in his Body, which caused him to roar so exceedingly, that he scared the Knights which sat on their Horses to behold the Fray.

The Dragon perceiving *Guy* to be too hard for him, endeavour'd to fly away from him, but *Guy* brought him down again with a vengeance, cut off his Head, and brought it to the King upon a piece of the Spear that the Dragon bit in two.

The King admiring this Monsters Head,

*God shield, quoth he, and save us from all evil,  
Here is a Face that would out-face the Devil.*

*Victorious Knight, said the King, we admire thy Valor, thy Courage, and brave Adventure; one thing I must needs crave, and that is this, that you will go no more beyond the Seas, but stay here with me.*

My Sovereign, quoth *Guy*, what I have done, was for love of a Woman, whom I have not seen these many Years; may your Majesty be pleased to give me but so much leave, I shall be your Servant. *A brice honoured Knight, I know it, the Earl of Warwick's Daughter; go, honoured Man, to her, she hath heard of all thy valiant Actions; thou art a second Hector, or more than he, for Hector never did so much as thee.*

*Phyllis* hearing *Guy* was at *Lincoln*, went to him, being over-joyed that she had found him, claspt him in her Arms, and said, *Why, how now, Love, have you forgot to love? what! seek a Dragon e're you come to me?* *Phyllis*, said *Guy*, the King himself complained of a most dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*, that annoyed all the Country, killing Men, Women, and Children, and he that will not obey his Sovereigns command, especially in a thing of so high concernment, is both a Coward and an ill-affected Member to the Commonwealth. *Phyllis* I am thine, I bought thee with this price of Blood. *Dear Love*, said *Phyllis*, *thou shalt never bleed more for me.* So both agreed, they went to their royal Fathers House *Earl Roband*, who entertain'd them most nobly, and after a few Days they were married together with great Joy, Banqueting, and Hearts delight.

The noble *Earl Roband* in the space of three Weeks died, and left the Earldom to his Son *Guy*, who was made *Earl of Warwick*: he enjoy'd his Earldom but a small time.

And now growing in Years, bethinks himself, and oft would say, How many Men have I made lifeless for the love of a Woman, and spent my Time in War and Blood, and not one Tear shed for my Sins; for Beauty have I run through the World in a Sea of Blood; good GOD forgive me for it. Vain World, farewell, I go to mortifie a sinful Man; and now I mean to take my journey, like a Pilgrim, to the *Holy Land*, to see the place where my Saviour died for my Sins, and the Sins of the whole World. *Phyllis* finding him discontented, begins to ask him how he came into those Melancholy Fits; If I (quoth she) be the cause of it, I am not only sorry, but will endeavour to mend what is in me amiss. No, dear Love, quoth *Guy*, nothing but my Sins, my numberless Sins, is the cause of all my Grief and Sorrow. Ah *Phyllis*, said he, for thy Love I have made many Men bleed, and now, dear Love, do intend to take my journey to the *Holy Land*, and live and dye a Pilgrim: Here, take this Ring, and keep it as a Pledge of my Love to thee, and give me thine; and if ever I come again to *England*, I will send thee this Ring, that thou may'st come and close up my dying Eyes:

*Phyllis, farewell, weep not, I now must go,  
Thy Heart is full of Love, mine full of Woe.*



So with abundance of Tears betwixt them, he takes his journey, only with a Staff in his Hand, to the *Holy Land*, and she as a pensive Widow, remains at home, giving Alms at her Door to all Pilgrims for his sake, enquiring of them evermore, if they could tell her any news of him; but he not making himself known to any of them in all his travels, they could relate nothing of him to her.

Many times when he returned from the *Holy Land*, he hath received Alms from her own Hands; and she not knowing of him, he hath departed with Tears in his Eyes to his Cave, where he liv'd and died, as you shall understand hereafter.

Now *Guy* takes his journey towards the *Holy Land*, passing through Desarts and unfrequented places, full of Danger, meeteth at last with a woful Knight, that unto Sorrow was no Stranger, an aged Man, having fifteen Sons in bondage under a cruel Tyrant, or a barbarous Gyant, called *Amarant*, who retained them in his strong Castle, with many Knights, Gentlemen and Ladies besides. *Guy* asking where, the old Man directs him to the Castle. *Lend me thy Sword*, quoth *Guy*, *I'll lend my Manhood all thy Sons to free*. So away he goes, and lays upon the Gates, as one that says, *I must and will come in*. The Gyant never was so rouz'd before, for no such knocking at his Gates had been: so he takes his Club and Keys, and cometh forth; *Sirrah* (quoth *Ama-*





*Amarant*) what *Business* hast thou here? art thou come to feast the Crows about these Walls? because thou hast molested me in this manner, with this Club will I beat out thy Brains, and dress thy Flesh for the Crows to feed upon.

*Sirrah*, quoth *Guy*, y'are quarrelsome I see, *Dexterous* at your Club belike you be.

I have been better arm'd, though now go thin; but do thy worst, here's a Weapon that must do me right. So draws his Sword, fashures him with the same about his Shoulders, Head, and Sides, in such manner, that *Ama-*  
rant

ant did not like the sport; but heaving his Club aloft in the Air, said, now Villain I will crush thee.

But Guy was nimble to avoid the same,  
So on the Ground he spent his Stroke in vain.

At length *Amarant* the Gyant grew thirsty and faint for want of Drink, and asked leave of Guy to quench his Thirst at the River. Guy gives him leave; then to work they fall again. At length Guy grew thirsty, and craved leave to drink; but the churlish Gyant said, *it were a Man-mans part to relieve his Enemy*. Well, said Guy, since thou art so hard-hearted in that wherein I used thee so kindly, thou shalt understand that it doth but whet my Anger the more against thee, and so shorten thy Life sooner, I now disdain to drink. Bold Tyrant, take a taste of my Good-will, for

Now I have begun my bloody Bout,  
It is not that same Club shall bear you out.

With that he hit him on the Head such a powerful stroke, that brought him with a vengeance down; then Guy set his Foot upon the Monsters Breast, and hew'd off his Head, and takes his Keys, and enters the Castle, where a most woful Spectacle he beheld, tender Ladies in dark Dungeons fed with the Flesh of their own Husbands; them he released

fed, and set at liberty; unbinds many Knights and Gentlemen; who many Years had been kept in bondage by this bloody Tyrant; at length he came to an Iron Gate, which he unlocks, where he found the old Man's Sons, being fifteen in number, who look'd like the Picture of Death; some of them he found hang'd up by the middle, some by the Thumbs, some hang'd up by the Heels, with their Heads downward; these he took down with great care, and delivered them to the old Man their Father, who with great joy and thankfulness would have kist *Guy's* Feet, but *Guy* took him up in his Arms, delivered the Keys to him, made him Master of the Castle, and so departed.

Many a weary Step travelled he e're he came to the *Holy Land*, whilst his beloved Wife spent her Days in great sorrow, often wishing herself with him to be partaker with him in all his sufferings.

Many Years continued he in the *Holy Land*, insomuch that all his Friends thought him to be dead; at length desiring to see his own native Country, where he intended to lay his Bones, took his journey homewards.

No sooner was he arrived on the *English* Shore, but he found his Country in great distress, the King of *Denmark* with a mighty Army was landed, threatening to destroy all with Fire and Sword; the King of *Denmark* had a mighty Gyant to his Champion, so terrible

ribble to behold, that the *English* were afraid of his very Looks, flinging his Gantlet down with such pride and contempt, that worthy *Guy* could ill endure to hear said, *The English were a cowardly Nation, and that never a Man durst answer him.* *Guy* could contain himself no longer, but goes to the King, and tells him, that he will accept of the Challenge, and desired his Majesty not to despair, for he would quickly make an end of *Colbron* that mighty Gyant. The King said unto him, *Honest Palmer go, and GOD bless thee in this mighty Work thou hast undertaken, and grant thee Victory over thine Enemy.* Amen, quoth *Guy*, and so goes from *Winchester's* North-gate, to *Hide-mead*, where he found this Monster of Men treading each Step two Yards of Ground. Art thou the Man, quoth *Colbron*, on whom the King hath ventured *England's* Crown, whereas all his Lords and Nobles I defie, and scorn to Fight with such a Slave as thee. *Sirrah*, quoth *Guy*, *Manhood* should never rail, an *Hero's* Weapon best can tell his Mind:

*Thus I begin, and therefore look about thee,  
If thou art conquered, the Danes will flout thee.*

Than began a sharp and bloody Fight between them, so that the People knew not what to think, at length *Colbron* through loss of Blood began to faint, and said to *Guy*, yield thee brave *English-man*, and Fight no longer.

Vil-

Villain, quoth *Guy*, I scorn thy cowardly fear:  
 the King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head:  
 With that he lent him such a powerful Blow,  
 that brought the Gyant with a vengeance down.  
 Great joy was there among the *Eng<sup>ish</sup>*.

No sooner was this mighty Pagan slain, but  
*Guy* made the best of his way to his Cave,



but within a short time after fell sick, and  
 sent his Ring to his dear *Phillis* Countess of  
*Warwick*, by a poor Palmer; so she imme-  
 diately came and clos'd up his dying Eyes, her  
 self living but fifteen Days after.

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